

INDIANA AND ILLINOIS NEWS

Court Orders an Election Board to Reassemble and Decide a Tie by Lot.

Little Girls in the Role of Horse Thieves—Sulicide of a Manufacturer's Insane Wife—Miscellaneous State Items.

INDIANA.

Mandate Issued Compelling an Election Board to Decide a Tie by Lot.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.
GREENSBURG, May 19.—At the April election the Republican and Democratic candidates for trustee of Clinton township each received the same number of votes. The board of election adjourned sine die without casting lot to determine the winner, as provided by statute. A suit was begun by the Democratic candidate asking a mandate against the board requiring it to re-assemble and cast lots. To this a demurrer was filed, and after exhaustive argument the court, Judge Study, to-day held that mandate would lie, and the board will be directed to cast lots. The question has not been decided by the Supreme Court of this State, an appeal to that court will be taken at once.

A "Bad" Man's Fate.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.
Greencastle, Ind.
A young man, whose steam gauge registered a "jag" of eight hundred pounds, walked into Thompson's restaurant near the north depot, Saturday, and informed Frank Hill, the clerk, that he was a cowboy and a very bad man when he started out to paint. He also exhibited to the astonished clerk an ugly scar on his head, which he said was a relic of a hand-to-hand encounter and terrible tableau death struggle with the great Apache chief, Never-Miss-a-Drink. He finally insulted some lady customers and Hill pushed him out of the door. A rattling fight took place, and when the mill ended the cowboy had lost three teeth and received another ugly cut on the head. No one at the depot knew his name or where he hailed from.

Pettit Will Be Tried at Crawfordsville.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.
CRAWFORDSVILLE, May 19.—This afternoon Judge Langdon sent the Pettit case to Montgomery county on change of venue, stating, in so doing, that the statute required criminal cases to be venued to the most convenient county. The general belief is there is as much prejudice to Pettit in Montgomery as in Tippecanoe county. The prior trial at Crawfordsville, where disinterested at having to be tried at Crawfordsville, saying he would trust to the fairness of the people there. The trial of Mrs. Elma E. Whitehead, jointly indicted with Pettit, is fixed for May 20, and both sides are summoning witnesses. It will be tried here.

Little Girls as Horse-Thieves.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.
WAHSAW, May 19.—On Saturday two young girls, one aged fourteen, the other fifteen years, one of them colored, stole a horse and buggy at Benton Harbor, Mich. They drove the outfit to Elkhart, where they disposed of the same, and took the train for this city, arriving here last evening. The officers were on their track, however, and the girls were captured this morning by a Benton Harbor official, who at once returned to that place with the wayward young females.

Stole His Employer's Wife.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.
MARION, May 19.—George Bolen to-day filed complaint for divorce from Lydia C. Bolen, alleging statutory grounds. The defendant eloped with Isaac Kendall, who was in the employ of Bolen, on the 6th of May. After a ten days' search for the runaway, Bolen gave the matter up, and asked for the relief stated. The pair appear to have disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up.

Isaac Woman Hanged Herself.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.
FRANKLIN, May 19.—Mrs. Hite, wife of John Hite, the carriage manufacturer, of this city, committed suicide this afternoon by hanging. She escaped the vigilance of her attendant, took a long towel and hanged herself in the wood shed. Death resulted from strangulation. She was almost touched the floor. She had been unsound in mind for several years.

Gas Well Breaks Loose.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.
MARION, May 19.—At Swazey, last night, the pressure of the gas in the well that supplies the town blew out a valve, the escaping gas ignited and burned down the derrick and the regulator-house, involving a loss of \$1,000. The pair appear to have disappeared as completely as though the earth had swallowed them up.

Minor Notes.

A couple of horses owned by Henry Freilich, near New Palestine, were killed by lightning.

The switch-board in the Western Union telegraph office, at Crawfordsville, was burned out by lightning on Monday morning.

Mrs. Addie Lyst, of Elwood, has brought suit against Alonzo Starky, saloon-keeper, for \$2,000 damages for selling liquor to her husband.

R. F. Sanders, residing near Yorktown, aged seventy, dropped dead in the road near his home, Sunday afternoon, from apoplexy.

St. Joseph's College and St. Joseph's School for Indian boys will be located upon the site of the Orphan Asylum at Kennesaw.

The daughter of Henry Stahlschmidt, of Evansville, was struck by a vicious bulldog, which stripped the flesh from her legs in several places.

Lightning struck a tree in the yard of Thomas McKillop, at Muncie, and tore it to pieces, hurling a heavy fragment through the roof of the residence.

In the Franklin College freshman-class contest in declamation, held last evening, the judges awarded first place to Miss Edith Croft and second place to D. H. Zink. There were six contestants.

James Davis, who has resided in Montgomery county sixty-five years, died at Crawfordsville, last Sunday. He was a native of Virginia, being born May 24, 1816. He leaves a wife and five children.

The Greensburg postoffice was moved, last night, back near the location it occupied in former Republican administrations, at the northeast corner of the public square. Four years ago it was located down near the railroad and across the street from two saloons. Now, it is near a church and has no surroundings.

ILLINOIS.

Prodigious Son of a Wealthy Banker Sends a Bullet Through His Own Breast.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

BLOOMINGTON, May 19.—In the Commercial Hotel, at Farmer City, to-night, John Sherman Weedman sent a bullet from a revolver into his breast, and is believed to be dying. He is aged twenty-four, and is the son of the late John Weedman, a rich banker of Farmer City, and has been dissipating and reckless for years. He was intoxicated when the shot was fired.

Struck by a Train.

Special to the Indianapolis Journal.

BLOOMINGTON, May 19.—Albert Schmolke, a German laborer, aged forty, was struck by a Big Four train near Bloomington, last night, and received probably fatal injuries. His head was crushed and one arm torn off.

Brief Mention.

Rev. M. Waller, of Monticello, has accepted a call from the Presbyterian Church at Lebanon, Ky.

Walter Johnson, an employee of Garretts Bros., of Bloomington, has disappeared, leaving many debts.

The missing Miss Dieckmann, or a girl supposed to be her, has been traced to

GENERAL FAULKNER'S WILL.

His Widow Objects to His Property Going to Mrs. Francis Brown.

BUFFALO, May 19.—The contest of the will of the late banker and politician, Gen. Lester B. Faulkner, develops some unusual and sensational features. General Faulkner was convicted of being accessory to the defalcation of his brother James, in Danesville's bank, but died before sentence was pronounced.

For many years General Faulkner, who was chairman of the Democratic state committee, lived with Mrs. Francis Brown, by whom he had two sons, who are now nearly grown up. Mrs. Faulkner now claims that she knew nothing of the relation between her husband and Mrs. Brown, and that she was ignorant of the existence of the two sons. On the other hand, it is said that Mrs. Faulkner not only knew of the relation, but that she was a friend of Mrs. Brown, and favored the intimacy of her husband and Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Faulkner now contests the will by which the General left his fortune to Mrs. Brown, asserting that he was forced by threats into making his will in favor of Mrs. Brown. Friends of Mrs. Brown are very much disturbed by the last statements, and documents in their possession indicate the very reverse of the state of affairs alleged. Mrs. Brown has made public a long letter from General Faulkner to her mother, Mrs. Shepard. The following are extracts from it:

"I am anxious that, under no circumstances of possible adverse fortune or business mismanagement in case of my death, should she, who is more to me than any man's wife could be, be left alone, and whom her brave, devoted love have given me, be dependent upon either the sympathy or charity of any one, and especially of any who live in of the sort which could not survive what seems to me the great error of her life."

While I have my head and hands free, I hope to make my will, and my own endeavor may from every misfortune that can really touch the happiness of her life. At any rate this is my absorbing purpose and I shall not rest until I have succeeded in critically examining. I have taken upon myself to secure those I love and myself against letting the world's ideas make us walk in the shadow of long and dark footsteps we might be. I have been trying for years to tell Fanny how much I love her, and have not succeeded yet. I trust that your fears in regard to her are quite unfounded."

It is reported that General Faulkner and his wife, Mrs. Brown, were in the property of the one that died first to the survivor. General Faulkner later, as the story goes, revoked his will and made this will in favor of Mrs. Brown. The question would be that if Mrs. Faulkner died first her property would go, through her husband, to the Browns. This it is said, is the purpose of the present proceedings to break this will in favor of Mrs. Brown.

THE ROCKEFELLERS.

Something About the Founders and Projects of the Standard Oil Company.

Philadelphia Press.
John D. Rockefeller, the head of the Standard, is a man of commonplace appearance, but in this respect he is no different from the cat in the fable, for he feels better than he looks. He is rather above the medium height, of stout build, but round and plump. He has a strong, clear voice, and usually wears an air of subdued melancholy. His sandy hair and gray eyes bespeak his Scotch extraction. He is plain and unassuming in his dress, and is as cheaply as any one of his thousand and one clerks.

John D. Rockefeller's father was a physician, who only succeeded from 1830 to 1840. The boys were born in Cleveland, but spent their early years with their mother in Ohio, N. Y., where they had Benjamin F. Rockefeller, C. P. Rockefeller, and John D. Rockefeller for schoolmates. As a boy, John was counted dull and heavy witted. Early in the history of the Standard, Rockefeller showed that he was an almost unfailing judge of men and possessed of masterly powers as an organizer. Nearly all of the deals which have given the Standard its present position and prestige were devised and engineered by him.

He is a very secretive man, keeps his own counsel closely, and has few friends and few enemies. He owns a controlling interest in the Standard, and Henry M. Flagler said not long ago that his fortune would not fall below \$100,000,000. More than a quarter of this is invested in real estate and in railroad and bank stocks. His income is not less than \$10,000,000 a year, and a good portion of his time is spent in the development of investment for his children. He is said to hold that a man should never retire from business, but should go on accumulating money until the end of life, and then devote it to the benefit of others. Rockefeller obeys the first part of his creed to the letter. He married a Cleveland school-mistress, who was a well-to-do, gray-haired woman of forty-five.

The Rockefeller family has a handsome mansion on Fifty-fourth street, New York, and a summer home near the shore of Lake Sound. The wife is as careful and economical as the husband, and they live plainly and unostentatiously. Both husband and wife are devoted to their children, and the former was for many years superintendent of a Sunday-school in Cleveland. He gives constantly and freely to church purposes, and is said to have given \$100,000 in this way yearly. The eldest of his three daughters is married to a young Baptist clergyman.

An entirely different man from the directing spirit of the Standard is his brother, William Rockefeller. The latter is a fine-looking, splendidly-built man, fond of the good things of life, and less taciturn, and more amiable, and more easily approached than his richer and more famous brother. William Rockefeller's private fortune now amounts to \$25,000,000.

He is devoted to his family, and has bought seventy acres of land a few years ago and laid out one of the finest private trotting parks in the land.

WHERE COURTESY WAS LACKING.

A Man Picks Up a Fallen Package, but the Owner Refuses to Take It.

New York Tribune.
There have been a good many letters written to the newspapers recently, and consequently no little discussion, about the "decline of courtesy" women's neglect to show gratitude for men's little civilities and men's unwillingness to sacrifice themselves for women who are strangers to them. A favorite example has been that of a young resident in a hotel who, one day, brought a package to a stranger, and the latter, instead of taking it, threw it away.

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plexion. It was dazzling in its delicate tints of rose and white, and one could see the roses in her cheeks fade and bluish by turns. I am afraid that I found her complexion so perfect that I was impelled enough to stare at her moment when I thought of not looking my way for she turned her head, and after that I could only see the pink and white of two delicately-fashioned ears.

"What she touched the box-office and selected her seats and was opening her pocket-book to pay for them, a small package slipped from her hands. I saw it and grabbed it before she could pick it up. The marble of the floor. Of course, I missed it, and as it fell I heard a slight crash of glass. Picking it up hurriedly, I offered it to her, but she declined to accept it, saying: 'Please let it lie on the floor.'"

"I stood there rather sheepishly, holding it, when I felt a cold, cream-like mixture steal between my fingers. Looking at the package, I saw, to my horror, that the wrapper had been torn enough to show on a bottle's side just two words, 'Face enamel.' The woman turned and gazed meditatively at the rattlesnake brand which enveloped the crown, 'cow-punchers are mighty queer people. They need watchin' an' herdin' nearly as much as catfish. I knowed one by the name of Stevenson down on the Turkey track ranch, in Texas, as merited a heap of lookin' after. This yere Stevenson was exactly every body, but he was naturally restless an' peevish, with a disposition to be emphatic whenever he was fillin' of himself up, keepin' your eyes on him was a good safe play. He was public speaker too, in his way, an' sometimes took lots of pains to please people."

"I mind one when we was bringin' up a horse to the stable, and I was in the company. We was up agin the south bank of the Arkansas tryin' to throw the herd across. There was a bridge there, but we allowed it was pretty weak, so we was tryin' to herd the cattle across the bridge. Steve was posted at the entrance of the bridge to turn back any loose cattle that might take a notion to try to cross the bridge. He was public speaker too, in his way, an' sometimes took lots of pains to please people."

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